

"THE ATLANTIC CAPER"--an abridged account of the adventures of the Wonderful Weekend Warrior, Chickenman (circa 1966). Especially prepared by Meade Frierson III, 3705 Woodvale Road, Birmingham AL 35223.

Announcer: On the outskirts of Middlin City, the simple suburban home of Benton Harbor. Monday through Friday during the hours of 9 to 5 Harbor is employed as a simple shoe-clerk by a Middlin City Department Store; however, on weekends the simple shoe clerk quickly dons feathers and beak in order to swing into action as the crime fighting, crusading capon, Chickenman.

Sound: Alarm ringing

Mother: Oh feathered fighter. It's Saturday morning...time to rise up and strike Terrific Terror into the hearts of criminals everywhere...Come on, up and at 'em.

CM: Mother, I want to sleep.

Mom: Benton, you can't sleep. The commissioner is expecting you at the office.

CM: Call him and tell him I'm sick.

Mom: Chickenman is sick?

CM: Tell him I have chicken-pox.

Mom: Now GET UP OUT OF THAT BED. // CM: I'm up; I'm up
Now, stand on your feet

CM: Where are they? // Mom: Your feet?

My wings! // Mom: On the floor where you left them...

CM: On the floor where I left them...there's only one wing here...

Mom: Now, I want you to brush your teeth, wash up and get into your Chicken Suit. // CM: I can't find the other wing...where's the other wing, mother?

Mom: What about under the bed? // CM: What would another wing be doing under the bed? ...I'm looking, I'm looking...I don't know what another wing would be doing....

CM: I found it...I don't know how this stupid wing got under the bed anyhow.

Mom: Maybe it just flew there. Watch your head.

CM:(Mimicing) Maybe it just flew their, watch your head (CLUNK)

Mom: Benton...Benton, answer me.

CM: Call the office, mother. // Mom: What's wrong?

Call the office I cant go. Why not? What's wrong?

CM: I've broken it, mother. Your wing? You've broken your wing

My head... I've broken my head. Your head?

II'll need a big bandage, a tall pitcher of iced tea and lots of comic books and lots of sleep, especially sleep, lots and lots of it. All I can get.

Mom: Don't you think you'd be more comfortable sleeping on the bed rather than under it?

CM: Yes, I'll just painfully pull myself up on the bed...

Mom: ALLRIGHT, THAT'S IT. // CM: I'm up, I'm up

I'll give you 30 seconds // CM: Don't need it

I'll give you 20 seconds to zip up and ship out (ZIP)

CM: So long; mother (kiss) and don't wait up

Mom: Benton, don't you dare fly out that (CRASH, TINKLE) window.

Announcer: But wait, didn't the winged warrior leave the house without brushing his teeth?

Mom: Brush his teeth, are you kidding? I can't even get him to eat his lumpy oatmeal.

Announcer: W-E-L-L, it's plain to see/ our hero's bound for a cavity. Can you combat those that cheat and steal/ without brushing after every meal? Wouldn't he be bolder with a fresh smelling molar? Can he be trusted with a dingy bicuspid?

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Announcer: W-E-L-L, the office of the police commissioner of Middlin' City...(SOUNDS OF TYPING, DOOR OPENS)

CM: Well, uh, good morning, Miss Helfinger.

MH: Oh, good morning, winged warrior (bored)

CM: Here I am once again to strike Terrific Terror into the hearts of criminals // MH:(distastefully) What?

CM: I said; here I am again to strike Terrific Terror into the hearts..

MH: Listen, winged warrior, if I had some terror to strike I'd give it to you. // CM: Thank you

but I don't have any. // CM: How about the commissioner?

The Commissioner doesn't have any either.

CM: Uh, Miss Helfinger, are we doing any kind of advertising?

MH: For what? // CM: For terror to be struck

MH: Why don't you just go play in your Chicken Cave?

CM: I think we're missing a good bet not advertising..

MH: Doesn't your Chicken Coupe' need washing?

CM: Like we could run something in the classified?

MH: Look, I have a lot of work to do // CM:"I'll strike terror cheap; have car, will travel."

MH: Fantastic Fowl, ... // CM: And "special discounts available for group terror striking."

CM:(after MH types on) Boy, everybody's got something important to do except me (more typing) Even that guy that looks like a bat is working...and that goofy looking kid of his, too...just because I look like a chicken! ...Nobody tells Clark Kent to go play with his newspapers // MH: All right, all right...

CM: I don't have anything to do. // MH: Look you've got wings, don't you?

CM: Lot of good that does me... // MH: Why don't you go fly somewhere.

CM: (mimicing) "Why don't you go fly somewhere?" Just go fly...no place to go, just go fly...I'm not just a pair of wings, you know.

MH: It's better than just hanging around here, griping.

CM: I got a nose and a beak...just like any other...chicken.

MH: Okay...all right...I'm sorry....forget it.

CM: Where will I fly to? // MH: How about the Atlantic?

CM: Hey, not a bad idea. // MH: Good.

CM: I'll become the first man to fly the Atlantic //MH:You do that. Boy (laughing) this is going to be neat!

Announcer: W-E-L-L, this could be the start of something bigCan our hero get approval from the C.A.B.? The Chicken Aeronautical Board.

Announcer: As you know, in our last Very Exciting Episode, the Wonderful White-Winged Warrior had decided to become the 1st man to fly the Atlantic.

CM: Er, things were a little slow around the Commissioner's office...

Announcer: The Commissioner and his secretary quickly agreed with this plan and swiftly arranged a rousing send off for the winged warrior at the Middlin City Airport...(Jets)

PC & MH: Hip, hip, hooray; hip, hip, hooray (lustlessly)

CM: Gee, this is certainly a neat send-off

Announcer: And not much later along the ocean's edge with a large crowd of Middlin' citizens looking on...

CM: Gosh, there must be about...15 people here.

Announcer: ...the wonderful white winged warrior carefully buttoned up his full-length yellow raincoat...with matching hood, noting as he did this...//CM: I wore this raincoat all through grade school.

Announcer: ...prompting the Masked Mother to embrace her son, the feathered fighter with the words...

Mom: Be a good boy and don't dawdle along the way.

CM: (kiss) No, mother. Well, so long, Commissioner (kiss)

PC: Why don't you shove off now? // CM: O-kay; goodbye; Mayor (kiss)

Mayor: Why don't you shove off now? CM: Right, so long, Miss Helfinger

Announcer: And with these final farewells, the Fantastic Fowl turns and slowly climbs a large 14-story tower constructed along the ocean especially for this Atlantic Adventure

CM: So long, everybody. // All::Climb faster, winged warrior.

Announcer: And as the winged warrior finally reaches the tip top of the tower... // All: Jump...jump..jump, winged warrior

Announcer: And the winged warrior lifts his arms...flapping them vigorously against his raincoat // All: jump..jump! He leaps from the 14 story tower...and plunges immediately into the ocean below

PC: I was wondering why I was standing here holding his wings.

Announcer: Well, have the Maternal Marauder, The Commissioner, the Mayor all kissed Chickenman in vain?

Announcer: Well, in our last very exciting episode, the wonderful white winged warrior finally managed to get his solo flight across the Atlantic off the ground...

CM: Come on, big wings (flap, flap, flap) Flap your heart out.

Announcer:...and the mighty white wings do this, beating in graceful motion against the sides of the feathered fighter's yellow full-length raincoat, with matching hood.

CM: Boy, I feel gorgeous.

Announcer:...and thus begins the fantastic fowl's dream...

CM: I mean, really gorgeous // Ann: ..of becoming the first man to fly the Atlantic...meanwhile aboard a commercial jet airliner, high in the sky...

Stew: This is your stewardess speaking...welcome aboard flight 799 bound for several really exotic foreign capitals (APPLAUSE) and now may I introduce your captain.

Cap: Thank you, this is your captain speaking...as you know,we're bound for several exotic European capitals. Since this is my first trip, I'd appreciate it if all of you would keep your eyes open for them because I wouldn't know an exotic capital if I dropped on one. // Stew: Thank you, captain.

Cap: Come on, what's this captain stuff?

Stew: Now, passengers, if you will check the pockets of the seat...

Cap: Last night it wasn't "captain"

Stew: And now passengers a few words about the features of this aircraft...first, notice the sign directly over the pilot's door that says "Fasten Your Seat Belts" // Cap: Oh yeah?

Stew: This warning signal is controlled by the captain...

Cap: You're kidding. //Stew: and when the captain activates... I didn't know that! ...please fasten your seat belt and put out all ...

Cap: Hey, listen, when you come forward again are you also gonna show me how you work that sign...// Stew: Yes, I will...

Stew: In one hour from now our dinner aboard this flight will be served...please indicate on the menu cards assigned to your seats whether you want meat, fish or fowl.

Cap: Holy cow! // Stew: What? //Cap: I never saw anything like that!

Cap: Look at the size of that bird... // Stew: Captain?

It's got big white wings and a great big yellow body...correction, make that a full-length yellow raincoat...with a matching yellow hood... // Stew: I'll be right there, captain.

Ann: Well, the pilot and the hostess already know each other,don't

(continued)

they? Finally, Chickenman is on his ocean-harnessing way...and another thing, either that flyer has seen Chickenman or this is the champagne flight and he's popped his cork.

Announcer: Our winged warrior was carrying out this idea he had to become the first man to fly the Atlantic...

CM: Whose idea? // Ann: Well, I thought...// CM: This wasn't my idea.

Ann.: And thus on this, the fourth day of his transatlantic flight, his mighty winged continue to carry him forward against the great ocean's currents of wind// CM: That's not as easy as it sounds, you know (flap, flap)

Ann.: Meanwhile, nearby there is much panic in the pilot's cabin of a giant transatlantic jet airliner...

Cap: I saw it, I really saw it// Stew: Now, take it easy, captain. It was fantastic! Let's loosen your shirt & tie.

Huge, I mean really huge, white flapping wings, white wings flapping, huge // Stew: Now I want you to breathe deeply.

It was wearing a full-length yellow raincoat..with a matching yellow hood..would you believe that?// Stew: In & out, in & out

Cap: Stewardess, ... // Stew: Yes, my captain...

The world... // Stew: What about the world, my captain? it must be warned about the attack of the Yellow Raincoat Birds!

Stew: You did not see this, captain, you think you saw it.

Cap: I saw a yellow raincoat bird scout // Stew: No, captain probably flapping around checking things out for the big invasion of the yellow raincoat birds...they'll probably begin by attacking aircraft and ships at sea...aircraft...

Stew: You're tired, you're overworked.

Cap: This is an aircraft...You're looking at the man who's going to save the world! ...This is K45, Transatlantic, calling all ships at sea.. // Stew: Captain, let me hold you in my arms... All ships at sea...// Stew: I'll sing you a lullaby like your mother did...(starts lullaby)

Beware the invasion of the big yellow raincoat birds! They're attacking this planet in a big yellow raincoat with matching hood...Will you shut up! (KNOCK, KNOCK on the hull)

Cap: Well, this is it..keep rocking..keep signing

Stew: Captain, some one is knocking on the side of this plane!

Cap: Sing to me, go ahead (starts singing lullaby)

Ann.: Well, has the captain feathered his prop and blown his cool? And could that knocking be Chickenman? Wanting to use the radio room or perhaps the...no, not while the plane is in motion...

Announcer: ...well, in our last...episode the wonderful white winged warrior en route to becoming the first man to fly the atlantic ocean, paused briefly in his trip to call upon a transatlantic jet airliner, also soaring high in the sky...// CM:(knocking) Hello? Anybody in there?//...indeed, there is, for as the winged warrior patiently waits for an answer at the door of the sleek jet aircraft..

CM: Uh, aren't you going to tell them what I'm wearing?

Ann.: Oh, the feathered fighter is wearing a full-length yellow raincoat...with matching hood. ...inside the transatlantic airborne aircraft...

Cap:(on intercom) This is your captain speaking...

Stew: Captain, you're making a mistake...

Cap: Please do not panic..

Stew: Captain, if you'll tell them we're under attack by yellow raincoat birds there'll be nothing but panic.

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Cap: Miss Marmel, there're be no panic aboard this ship

Stew: There will be. // Cap: There will not be.

Cap: I'll spekak to them calmly..the strength and security inherent in my voice will prevent panic. // Stew: (resigned) All right

Cap:(on intercom) This is your captain...Ny name, Milton C. Mingle (Hysterical laughter) // Stew: Captain, you're making a greivous error that will haunt you to your dying day...

Cap:(on intercom) Now hear this, it would appear that on the surface a yellow raincoat bird scout has attached itself to this plane...

Announcer: (after applause) Meanwhile, outside the aircraft

CM: Hey, you want to open up in there? (door opens) Thank you.

Stew: Yes, may I help you? // CM: Yes; could I step in for a few minute

Stew: Do you have a ticket? // CM: No, I have several credit cards here

Stew: What? // CM: I said...listen,could I just step in for a second?

Stew: Well, I don't know...//CM:It's really very taxing for me to keep All right, come on in. up with your great speed.

Stew: We're really not permitted to take on extra passengers in midflig

CM: Oh, I don't want to passenge...// Stew: You don't?

CM: Oh,no, I just want to use your... // Stew: What?

CM: I just want to..uh // Stew: Yes?

CM: ...Could I get my canteen refilled?

Stew: I'll have to ask the captain.

Announcer: Well, will the captain permit Chickenman to...fill his canteen...and,speaking of the captain, it would appear he has regained his composure and will be allright...except for that name.

Announcer: Well, as you know, the wonderful white winged warrior is attempting to become the first man to fly the Atlantic. And except for encounters with a transatlantic jet aircraft, a Ukrainian whaling vessel, a Luftwaffe pilot and a United Arab Republic U-boat, the trip so far has been pretty uneventful.

CM:(flapping loudly) This trip is so boring, I could spit.

Voice: Hey, buddy...//CM:Yes?...Voice: No spitting is allowed...not over the ocean...//CM: O-kay.

Ann.: And then suddenly the fantastic feathered fowl almost freezes in flight at the sight of a struggling figure in the icy ocean waters

CM: Hark! Is that a struggling figure in the icy ocean waters below?

Voice: Go look if you want but remember...//CM: No spitting...right.

Ann:...and with those words, the fantastic fowl banks, sharply, to the left...//CM: To the,uh, left? ...//Ann: To the left..CM:OK.

Ann.: ...and descends gracefully into the icy ocean waters below....

CM: (during a whistling fall) Did he say icy ocean waters?

Ann.: Yes and I also said gracefully... (SPLASH)

CM: Hello there, struggling figure in the water.

Swimmes: Will you quit splashing?// CM: Oh, sorry

Sw: What do you want? // CM: Well, I observed your struggling in the icy ocean waters and I've come to save you from a death worse than fate

Sw: You're kidding. // CM: No, I'm the wonderful white winged warrior.

SW: What are you wearing that stupid yellow raincoat with matching hood for? // CM: Well, I'm attempting to fly the Atlantic..

SW: The Atlantic? // CM: Yes, that's what you're struggling in now...

SW: Who's struggling?

CM: So I'll grasp you in my strong and powerful arms and fly with you out of this potential watery grave...

SW: You do and I'll smack you in the mouth.

CM: A simple smile of gratitude will be enough for me.

SW: Will you get your clammy hands off me?
CM: I'm saving you, fair maiden. // SW: I don't need saving.
CM: Why not let me decide that?
SW: I'm trying to swim this ocean, you big jerk.
CM: Did you say, swim?
SW: This is my third year in the water and if you'll fly past, funny feathers; I'll make Paris by April.
CM: Oh...say, doesn't that black chiffon Grecian gown with the ostrich plume cape and the silver lame' stainless steel stiletto heels with matching ankle bracklets slow you down?
SW: You've never been to Paris in April, have you?
CM: No, this is my first trip.
Ann.: Well, who is that large, greasy mysterious swimmer? Will she beat Chickenman to the other side of the Atlantic? And another thing, if she encounters the Ukrainian whalling vessel, she's got bad trouble.
Announcer: As you know, the wonderful white winged warrior garbed in a full length yellow raincoat with matching hood is winging his way across vast ocean waters...his mission: to become the first man to fly the Atlantic...
CM: Give my regards to Broadway (flap,flap) Remember me to...
Voice: Hey, huddy...// CM: Yes?...//V: No singing is allowed...
CM: You mean... // Voice: Notover the ocean.
Announcer: Meanwhile, back in the office of the Police Commissioner of Middlin City...
MH:(typing) "Dear Mother, well, is it ever swell to work here now, you wouldn't believe how quiet and peaceful..." (Telephone rings)
This is the commissioner's office.
Voice:(sounds exactly like the Commissioner) I'd like to talk to the Commisioner, please.
MH: He's not in the office right now.
Voice: When do you expect him back? //MH: Who is this, Commissioner
Voice: No, I'm not. // MH: All right, what are you doing?
Voice: I'm calling for the Commissioner.
MH: All right, you're a very funny man.
Voice: It's funny you think so. When do you expect him back.
MH: Comissioner... // Voice: I'm not the commissioner.
MH: You're not...I suppose this is his brother calling?
Voice: That's right.// MH: And you just happen to sound a bit like him?
Voice: No, I sound a lot like him....I don't suppose he talks much about me?
MH: That's right. // Voice: You want to know why he doesn't?
MH: No. // Voice: It's because I'm a rum-runner.
MH: You're a what? // Voice: Oh, you want to hear about it?
MH: No. // Voice: I run rum. // MH: Why are you doing this?
Voice: Because its fun to run rum// MH:You've got 4 seconds to get
Although good rum to run is serious....one..two...three...
hard to find, so sometimes
I run guns...if there isn't some rum to run
PC: Well, good morning, Miss Helfinger.
MH: Good morning.....help. // Voice: Is that my brother, the Commisione
PC: Is that my brother, the rum-runner, on the phone? (Typing sounds)
MH: "Dear Mother, like I said, they're coming to take me away--ha ha..
they're coming to take me away, hee hee..."
Ann.: Well, what a strange turn of family events this is. So the
Commisioner does, indeed, have a good rum-running brother....

Ann.: Well, while the winged warrior continues his solo flight across the Atlantic Ocean, meanwhile back in the office of the Police Commissioner of Middlin' City... (Intercom buzzes)

MH: Yes, Commissioner?

PC: I would like to speak with my secretary, Miss Helfinger, please.

MH: Speaking. // PC: Yes; I am the police commissioner.

MH: Don't worry about it, there's an explanation for everything.

PC: Has my brother the rum-runner arrived yet? // MH: No, he hasn't.

PC: Good. Miss Helfinger, when he gets here I'd like you to do something for me. //MH: Have him relax...// PC: No, have him arrested.

MH: Arrested? // PC: Yes, as quickly as possible.

MH: You want your own brother arrested?

PC: Rum-running is against the law in the city, Miss Helfinger.

MH: But your own brother?

PC: Miss Helfinger, when I assumed this office I took a solemn oath to carry out my duties, regardless of race, religion or even if my brother was a rum-runner...although at the time I couldn't see how an oath like that would ever come in handy. (Hangs up)

(Intercom buzzer)

PC: Well, has he arrived yet?

MH: You just asked me that two seconds ago.

PC: I think I'm going out of my mind from the suspense...

MH: Well; go ahead, you'll never notice the difference.//PC: Yes.

PC: Well, let me know as soon as he gets here. // MH: Right.(hangs up)

(Intercom buzzer) MH: What is it? // PC: I've changed my mind.

MH: You don't want him arrested.

PC: No, I don't want to know as soon as he gets here...in fact, I don't even want to see him. // MH: O-kay. (hangs up) (buzzer)

MH: Let's have it. // PC: Miss Helfinger, as soon as he walks in the office...// MH: Yes. // PC: ...drape him with a sheet.

MH: Drape him with a sheet? // PC: Yes, so when I go out for lunch, I won't see him standing there. // MH: Is there anything else?

PC: Yes, what can I do to avoid going out of my mind.

MH: Exactly what I'm about to do...climbing up on top of my desk... and with both hands outstretched, very quietly and with much feeling, saying these words... // PC: Yes...I'm listening.

MH: "By the shores of Gitcheegoomee..." [recites and PC repeats]

Ann.: Well, would it not be more fitting for Miss Helfinger and the Commissioner to concern themselves with the shingng, big sea waters of the Atlantic and Chickenman's valiant voyage rather than the shores of Gitcheegoomee?

Ann.: In a very pleasant neighborhood, not far from downtown Middlin City, Miss H. Helfinger, secretary to the Police Commissioner of Middlin' City is being carried upon a stretcher into a very nice white frame house with a very pretty picket fence...

Man: Where do you want us to put her, nurse?

Nur: Just put her right in here, fellows...put her right on that couch there...// Man: Okay...there she goes...now do you want Please. her head on the couch, too?

Nurse: Just relax, Miss, the doctor will be here shortly....Is there anything I can do for you in the meantime?

MH: Yes; you can take this straight-jacket off me.

Nur: Aw, I'm sorry but only Doctor Friendly can do that.

MH: I'm really quite harmless.

Nur: It's not that; it's that I can never figure out how to take you off.

Nur: Let's see, now you were referred to us by the Police Commissioner.

MH: Right, a former patient of yours, I believe.

Nur: Yes, and was he ever thick when he came to us.

MH: Well, he could still stand to lose some weight.
Nur: I mean, sick in the head. // MH: Yes, that's another problem.
Nur: (brightly) according to this report, the Commissioner found you standing on top of your desk reciting the words to...
MH: Hiawatha. // Nurse: Oh yeah, that's a very nice poem..." By the...
MH: I know how it goes. // Nur: I love that poem.
MH: (impatient) When will Doctor Friendly get here? (door opens)
Doc: (talks like Dracula) Good Morning, I am Doctor Friendly.
Nur: Good morning, Doctor. // Doc: Please, lie down and tell me everything
Nur: I'm your nurse, doctor. // Doc: Oh. // Nurse: the person who flipped is over there // Doc: Yes, of course.
Doc: Now, my dear, according to this report, you were standing on top of your desk reciting the words to...er // MH: Hiawatha.
Doc: Yes, "By the shores of..." // MH: I know how it goes.
Doc: I love that poem. // MH: I'm happy, I selected everyone's favorite
Doc: Tell me something...why would you do a silly thing like that?
MH: Aren't you supposed to tell me?
Doc: By the way, do you know the words to "Little Miss Muffet"?
MH: Little Miss Muffet? // Doc: Yes, Little Miss Muffet [etc.]
MH: [recites Hiawatha in between his verses of L.M.M.]
Ann.: Well, will Miss Helfinger be able to restore mental tranquility to the freaky Doctor Friendly? And isn't that nurse the worst?
Ann.: Well, as the wonderful white winged warrior continues to soar high in the sky over the Atlantic on his way to becoming the first man to fly the Atlantic, meanwhile back in Middlin City.
MH: Well, it all began when this jerk who works in a shoe store walked into the office one day and volunteered to fight crime...
Doc: Yes, it was all a bad dream.
MH: And when he walked into a broom closet with a suitcase and came out dressed like a chicken. // Doc: Yes, it was all a bad dream.
MH: I think it was at that moment that I knew it just wasn't going to work out // Doc: It was all a bad dream.
MH: For one thing, his wings caught on fire at least...
Doc: Twenty-two times. // MH: No, more like 9 or 10/
Doc: Has the number "22" ever appealed to you at all?
MH: 22? Let's see now, how many times has city hall burned down..
Doc: 22 times. // MH: No, more like 32.
Doc: You've never seen the number, 22.
MH: Well, he's leaped out of my office window about...
Doc: 22 times. // MH: No, about 14, I think. // Doc: Continued, please.
MH: Well, another problem is that he's always getting himself lost.
Doc: Ah, yes, of course. // MH: For example, he's called me many times..
Doc: Like 22? // MH: No, closer to 50...to tell me he's lost in his chicken cave... // Doc: It was all a bad dream.
MH: Will you stop saying that? // Doc: It was all a bad dream.
MH: How many times are you going to say that?
Doc: How about 22? // MH: What's wrong with you? Why do you keep mentioning the number 22?
Doc: When I was a small child, I was struck by a moving vehicle.
MH: Were you hurt? // Doc: No, but I've had a terrible headache ever since. // MH: Why don't you lie down. We'll trade places.
Doc: Thank you. // MH: Comfortable? // Doc: Yes...thank you.
MH: What hit you...a car?...a bus? ... a truck
Doc: No...no...no... a 22-year old bicycle rider.
MH: Oh, that's why you've got the number 22 on the brain.
Doc: That's not where I was struck. // MH: Well, just relax and tell me..
Doc: You're not going to tell me it was all a bad dream?

MH: No, I won't tell you that // Doc: Good. (end lost on tape)
Ann: Back in the city following the arrest of the Commissioner's rum running brother and the return of Miss Helfinger from psychiatric therapy, tranquility prevailed until...(Phone rings)
PC: Yes, this is the Commissioner...What? Where? Hold on...(buzzes) quickly, Miss Helfinger, we must telephone the wonderful white winged warrior.../// MH: How do I do that?
PC: Well, take the big finger next to your thumb, place it in the tiny little holes in the telephone where you see the numbers....
MH: He's somewhere in the middle of the Atlantic, Commissioner.
PC: Uh///Well, in that case, dial 0 and ask for the Atlantic.
MH: Is there something important you want him to do?
PC: Well, it's a pretty big thing...// MH: How big is it?
Well, it's bigger than a breadbasket.
MH: Is the world about to be destroyed again? // PC: W-e-l-l.... Is it?
PC: Well, yes, but let us not picnic...// MH: Panic
PC: Ah ha, oh ho, I have it...we'll send an emergency chicken...
MH: No, Commissioner...wrong
PC: ..out to sea...he will soar high above the waters...winging a message from you from me... // MH: No he won't.
PC: Why not he won't? //MH: You ate our last emergency chicken.
PC: I did? // MH: Yes // PC: The whole thing?
MH: The whole emergency chicken... // PC: But why?
MH: You said you were hungry and ...//All: It was an emergency.
PC: Yes, it was delicious, too. // MH: Any other suggestions?
PC: Huh...yes, let's get an eagle next time..because I wouldn't eat an eagle even in an emergency...ho ho, ha ha, hum hum
MH: What? You've hit upon a solution.
PC: No, I've hit upon my crazy bone. // MH: What do you want me to do?
PC: Kiss it and make it better? // MH:What if I call the Maternal Who?
Marauder?
MH: The winged warrior's mommy // PC: Yes, do you think she would...
MH: No, she would not. // PC: Sure does hurt
MH: Go soak it in hot water. // PC: Like I do my head?/MH: Exactly.
Ann.: Well, this is a fine kettle of fish. Not a single emergency chicken in the office. Is there no way to make a connection with Chickenman? Well, there's one thing for sure...the crazy-bone connect-a to the arm bone
Ann.: Once again the world is about to be destroyed by a Very Diabolical and once again the wonderful white winged warrior isn't around, because at the moment he's flying across the Atlantic Ocean (of all places) and can't be reached. (Phone rings) And therefore in an effort to find help during this crisis the Commissioner of Police turns to the only other person big enough for the job
Mom: Hello, this is the masked mother speaking.
MH: Yes, this is Miss Helfinger, maternal marauder.
MH: Oh Goodness, how are you, darling?
MH: I'm calling for the Commissioner...// Mom: He's not here.
MH: Thank you. The Commissioner said... Darling, we must have lunch together sometime soon...I've found the most adorable little restaurant with the most darling little dress shop next to it
MH: The Commissioner said...to tell you the world is about to be destroyed by a very diabolical.
Mom: Oh...don't talk about things like that...that means there'll be looting and pillaging and plundering....tell me all about it.

MH: The Commissioner would like you to come over right away and save it
Mom: Save what? // MH: The world. // Mom: Me save the world?
MH: That's the idea. // Mom: Oh, I couldn't...I simply couldn't
MH: Well, I'm sorry but... // Mom: Well, for one thing my hair isn't
even set..and I don't have a thing to wear...dear me
MH: It really doesn't matter...Maternal marauder, it's just that we're
not able to reach your son, the winged warrior, he's somewhere
over the Atlantic now.. // Mom: He's really just fine.
MH: How do you know that? // Mom: He expects to be in Paris by April.
MH: Now do you know that? // Mom: Well, I missed my big bird boy
and I simply couldn't resist calling him last night?
MH: You called him? // Mom: Of course, I was happy to hear his voice..
but a telephone call to the Atlantic is so expensive.
MH: How could you make a telephone call to the Atlantic Ocean?
Mom: Well, I took the big finger beside my thumb and placed it in
the tiny holes where I saw numbers...
MH: Maternal Marauder, would we be able to call the winged warrior?
Mom: Why, yes, even a child can do it..tell the Commissioner to take
his big finger... //MH: Do you have his number?
Mom: Simply dial "0", my dear, and ask for the Atlantic.
MH: Allright, I'll give it a try...
Mom: Oh and Miss Helfinger...after you tell him about all the looting
and pillaging and plundering...tell him Sadie Letkner sends her
love and a big kiss...that's my good friend, Emma Letkner's
only daughter...and if you'd subtly mention that she's still
attractive, unmarried and single, I'd appreciate it...Ta.
Ann.: Well, so you can dial 0 and ask for the Atlantic? And of a
Sunday night it's probably not too expensive.
Ann.: The world is about to be destroyed once again by a Very Diabol-
ical and once again the Police Commissioner of Middlin City
turns to the only man who can save it
MH: Operator, I'd like to have the Atlantic Ocean, please.
Ann./ Yes, an emergency call to the Atlantic Ocean...
MH: No, I don't know the area code...
Ann.:...where the winged warrior is using his two weeks of vacat.ion
in an attempt to become the first man to fly the ocean
MH: ...yes, I'd like to make it person to person for Chickenman
MH: That's C-H-I // PC: I don't know who he is but I do know this...
MH: Later, Commissioner...what;operator, did you ask if we'll pay
for the charges? // PC: No, we won't. // MH: No, we won't.
That's right, make it collect.
Ann.: And second later, somewhere out over the Atlantic...(RING)
CM: Uh,hello, Atlantic Ocean.// Op.: I have a collect call from Mid-
dling City for Chickenman, that's C-H-I..
CM: Er; this is Chickenman speaking... // Op: Will you acce~~pt~~ the
Er, is this my mother calling again? charges?
Op: Middlin City? The Atlantic Ocean would like to know if its mother's
calling? // MH: Well the Atlantic Ocean this is the office of P.C.
Op: Is the Atlantic Ocean in some kind of trouble?
MH: Never mind, just give the message.
Op: Okay, hello, Atlantic Ocean? // CM: Yes, right here.
Op: Your call is from the office of the P.C.
CM: Oh, well in that case...er Op: Will you accept the charges?-
Errrr
MH: Operator, will you please tell the Atlantic Ocean it's a matter
of life and death... // Op: No kidding! //...and that the world
is about to be destroyed by a Very Diabolical...

Op: Does that mean there'll be looting and pillaging and plundering?
 MH: Yes; that's right//Op: Hello, Atlantic Ocean? //CM: Right here.
 Op: Hey, you got a swell telephone call here. You ought to take it.
 CM: Is that right? // Op: Yes, there's going to be looting and pill...
 MH: Operator...forget about making it collect, we'll pay for it
 PC: (opens door) EErrrr
 MH: We won't pay for it. Operator,...
 Op: Yes, go ahead, plundering...I mean, Middlin City.
 MH: Would you tell the Atlantic to accept and I'll pay him when he gets back out of my lunch money.
 CM: Er, I'll accept that call, operator. // Op: Oh, good!
 Wnn.: Well, thanks to the electronic know-how of a united free America, Chickenman has been contacted at last...Hey, the charges for this call will of necessity be substantial.
 Ann.: The wonderful white-winged warrior has interrupted his flight across the Atlantic to accept a collect phone call from the P.C.
 CM: And when I get back? // MH: I'll give you the money, right.
 CM: Okay, so what did you want?
 MH: The world is about to be destroyed by a very diabolical...CM:Uh-huh ...and the Commissioner...
 CM: You're going to have to give it to me as soon as I get back.
 MH: What? // CM: The money. // MH: Aw, for crying out loud...
 CM: Well, it's not like I'm paying for a cheap phone call
 MH: I'll be waiting for you at the office door...
 CM: Er, Miss Helfinger...when I return the first land I'll reach...
 MH: I'll meet you at Plymouth rock //CM:Okay, will you have the money in an envelope? // MH: In a big white envelope,yes
 CM: Okay, go ahead... // MH: Go ahead // CM: With your story?
 MH: Oh, now, I've forgotten... // CM: Something to do with the world...
 MH: (blankly) The world... // CM: Discovered, I think...
 MH: Destroyed...it's about to be destroyed by a very diabolical
 CM: I think you've got it now.
 MH: The Commissioner would like you to come right back right away and save it. // CM: Is that it? // MH: Yes
 CM: Miss Helfinger, would you please take this reply to the Commissioner..."Dear Commissioner: Well, I'm having a wonderful time over the Atlantic. It's one of the best vacations I've ever had. Wish you were here. ...Today I saw a Ukrainian U-boat. It was really neat. The captain took me on a tour. Have you ever seen the room where the men sleep? It is called a bunk. Isn't that a funny name for a place to sleep? Guess what they call the place where the men eat? Is that ever a funny name?
 MH: W.W. ...W.W....W.W...FEARLESS FEATHERED FIGHTER...
 CM: It is called a mess." // MH: Do you want me to pay for this call?
 CM: "I have received your urgent communication and will be right back." //that all// //all// Remember, M.H.,... All: Plymouth rock.
 MH: (hanging up) Would you believe that...I'm going to pay for his telephone call...(dialing) ...Operator, I'd like to have the charges on that call to the Atlantic..
 Op: A long distance call to the Atlantic...one moment, please.
 CM: Hello, Miss Melfinger...// MH: What are you doing back on the line?
 CM: Would you make that a big red envelope
 MH: I'll make it purple with pink polka-dots, just get back here.
 CM: Well, there may be a lot of people standing on Plymouth Rock with a purple and pink polka dot envelope...
 MH: What color envelope do you want? Just tell me.
 Op: This is the operator. Would you please deposit \$14.50 for another three minutes? // CM: Er, Miss Helfinger

MH: I'll pay, I'll pay// Op:Oh, good. //CM: I appreciate that.
Ann.: Well, it would seem the very least the very diabolical could do would be to pay for this very expensive telephone call.
And another thing, isn't the mess a funny name to call a place where men eat?

Ann.: ..[deleted--you know what happened so far]
(Intercom buzzer)

PC: Yes, I am.

MH: Well; he's on his way, Commissioner.

PC: Fine, because the world's about to be destroyed by a very diabolica

MH: I'm sure the winged warrior will be a big help.

PC: Yes, I don't know who he is, but I do know this...//MH: Okay.

PC: He looks just like an aardvark...//MH: Chicken // PC: Yes

MH: By the way, C, you know he wouldn't accept my collect phone call ...no, so I agreed to pay him for it when he returns

PC: Snnarglesnarf, etc.

MH: All right...get a grip on yourself...I'll pay for it out of my lunch money // PC: Oh, fine. // ...but I've got to go meet him with the money as soon as he arrives on land

PC: Go, my child, for you have my blessing in this mission (KNOCK)

MH: [after telegram arrives]. Commissioner,...

PC: yes, I am. // MH: It's from the winged warrior

PC: I don't know who he is...

MH: It reads "Dear Miss Helfinger, in order to assure the absolute success of our rendezvous [fade in CM voice] I have worked out a foolproof procedure. There are 22 basic steps //MH: 22? // That's right, 22...step number one: you will appear dressed in a pretty plaid miniskirt with matching stockings...when we make contact, I will call out to you and I will say to you....

Ann.: And not too much later, with a fierce wind whipping her auburn tresses and the ocean spray drenching her plaid miniskirt

CM: Hello, down there. // MH: Feathered fighter...

CM: Is this Plymouth Rock...what is your code name, please

MH: They call me Tonto. // CM: And your code word, please?

MH: Supercalliflagilisticexpialidocious [let Disney spell it right]

CM: And now the code message // MH: Pack up your troubles into your, etc.

CM: Say, isn't that a plaid miniskirt you're wearing?// MH: Yes, it is.

CM: That's not how you're supposed to answer, Miss H.

MH: And how do you like my pretty matching plaid stockings?

CM: Okay, so where's the money...Miss H, isn't this a check?

MH: That check is perfectly good. // CM: But suppose the bank should fail? // MH: You're kidding. // CM: When the world's about to be destroyed, I'll take cash.

Ann.: Well, so the rendezvous has been accomplished; the phone money exchanged, albeit by check, and just a minute, isn't that plaid skirt too short?

Ann.: [deleted] (Intercom buzzer)

PC: Yes, I am. // MH: The feathered fighter is here, C.

PC: Fine, just in time for a nick too.

MH: In the nick of time...so what do you want him to do?

PC: Say unto the wonderful white winged warrior that the world is about to be destroyed by a very diabolical. // MH: He knows that.

PC: Awww...who told him...Miss H, I wanted to surprise him

MH: Well, he knows so what's next? // PC: I never get to say the really important things...

MH: C, giving him his orders is important.

PC: Oh, yes... say this then to the winged warrior... "Go, winged warrior fast." // MH: Fine, I'll tell him that

PC: Don't leave anything out. // MH: I think I have it.

MH: Winged warrior... winged warrior... I have your orders from the commissioner... go, winged warrior, fast.

CM: Is that it? You're sure you didn't leave something out? ...er, go, winged warrior, fast where?

MH: To save the world from a very diabolical.

CM: Oh! Well, I'm not a mind-reader, you know... you may tell the Commissioner that I have heard his summons... // MH: Just go.

MH: (after exit and typing) What are you doing back here?

CM: I neglected to do something very important. It won't take a second. Good morning, Commissioner, may I have the key to the broom closet; please? ... Thank you, appreciate it. [goes to gargle]

Ann.: Well, let us all take a lesson from the oral hygiene displayed by Chickenman and you can bet when he meets the Very Diabolical he'll be Fun to Be Near. This takes on added importance when you remember that Sadie Letkner is both single and unmarried.

Ann.: Well, the moment of truth has arrived. The wonderful white winged warrior, Middlin City's crushing answer to crime and/or evil, is about to confront that villanous master criminal known as the Very Diabolical. (Knock at door)

Landlady: Yeah? // CM: Hello, there, is this the secret hiding place of the Very Diabolical? // LL: Do you think I'd tell you? (SLAM)

CM: (after knocking) Well, I'm here to confront the...

LL: I ain't telling that deadbeat nothing. (Knocks again)

LL: Whaddaya want? // CM: I think you closed the door on my wing?

LL: (opens) Bird boy, you're beginning to bug me!

CM: Well, you see, the Very Diabolical has threatened to destroy the...

LL: And him owing me three months' rent... // CM: I'm here to do mortal combat...? // LL: Why that dirty, that dirty...

CM: Diabolical? // LL: Dirty Diabolical! // CM: So do you mind if I...

LL: Of all the gall... when I lay my hands on him...

CM: I'll even mention the rent money... you're bending my wing...

LL: I'll break him in half (CRUNCH) // CM: There goes the wing.

LL: And me taking milk and cookies to his room every night...

CM: I'll get your cookies back, too.

LL: ...tucking him, singing him goodnight, mothering him and hugging him

CM: You're choking my neck. // LL: ...now what do you call that?

CM: (nasally) A strangehold and it's crushing my beak?

Ann.: Not too much later, some 14 flights up...

VD: (Dracula voice) How do you do; I'm the Very Diabolical.

CM: (nasally) Hello, I'm the wonderful white winged warrior.

VD: You are the wonderful white winged warrior?

CM: Sorry I don't look so good but I ran into your landlady

Ann.: Well, so the long awaited confrontation between Chickenman and the Very Diabolical is upon us.

Ann.: In the office of the P.C. of M.C., the C has called his 932nd press conference of the year.

PC: Your attention, please, ladies and gentlemen of the press. I am pleased to inform you that the wonderful white winged warrior has clashed with the Very Diabolical (oohs and ahhs) Yes, and at this very moment the feathered fearless fighter is engaged in a life and death struggle with the arch master criminal. Therefore...

MH: (answering phone) Commissioner's Office. Well, he's in a press conference right now. Could I be of some help?... What's the question? ..No, I'm sure I couldn't answer that. Can you call back? A Dire Emergency? I see... just a moment please...

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PC: ...and this city has been plagued long enough...not now, Miss H.

MH: It's a Dire Emergency. // PC: Would you pardon me a moment, ladies and gentlemen of the press, I have a dire emergency (ooh & aahs)

MH: Would you know the thing the winged warrior hates more than anything else in the world? // PC: Yes, oatmeal with lumps in it.

MH: Oatmeal with lump in it?...Okay...hello, oatmeal with lumps... yes, that's right...you're very welcome...thank you for calling.
(hangs up and the phone rings again)

CM: Miss H, this is the W.W. here

MH: What? I thought you were clashing head on with the Very Diabolical

CM: It's all over, Miss H. // MH: Wonderful, are you bringing him in?

CM: Would you give the C a message, Miss H?

PC: ...and therefore, I say unto you that we all eagerly await the message from Chickenman...now what is it

MH: It's a message from the winged warrior.

PC: Wonderful, this is what we've been waiting for...would you please read it to us, Miss H. // MH: Commissioner...commissioner..okay.

MH: The W.W. has clashed with the very diabolical and at this moment he's hanging from his feet from the ceiling...

PC: The Very Diabolical is hanging... //MH: The winged warrior

MH: The winged warrior is hanging by his feet from the ceiling... over a bowl of oatmeal with lumps in it

PC: That'll be all, Miss H.

MH: And he'd like to know who shot off their big mouth.

Ann.: Well, could it be that the Very Diabolical has outdone our Chickenman? And another thing, isn't it unfortunate that Miss Helfinger and the Commissioner shot off their big mouths

Ann.: Well, in our last very exciting episode, as you will recall, the famed feathered fighter clashed head-on with the Very Diabolical

MH: Now, would you give that to me again, winged warrior?

CM: I'm calling from the secret hiding place of the Very Diabolical. ...and the Very Diabolical cooked up something for me...

MH: And it was a bowl of oatmeal. //CM: That's right, with lumps in it.

MH: So you have before you a bowl of oatmeal (duet)with lumps in it..

CM: That's right..but it's not before me, it's under me...I am hanging by the feet from the ceiling over a bowl of oatmeal...that's what I'm trying to tell you, Miss H. //MH: Okay, I understand...

CM: No, you don't // MH: Yes, I do. // CM: I hate oatmeal, Miss H.

MH: Don't get excited. //CM:...especially with lumps in it.

MH: Just hang on, W.W. // CM: I'm hanging // MH: Just hang on.

CM: Will you stop saying that? // MH: Don't fall...to pieces.(BUZZER)

PC: Yes, I am. // MH: C, the W.W. is in urgent need of help

PC: Yes, I know what you mean. // MH: He's being held captive by V.D.

PC: Oh, how much? // MH: How much what? // PC: How much to get him free

MH: I don't think the Very Diabolical wants a ransom.

PC: Miss H, the Very Diabolical isn't all bad, let's not forget that... he's okay

MH: Now let me try to explain... //PC: We should invite him to lunch..

MH: The winged warrior, C, is hanging by the feet from the ceiling

PC: Well, tell him to quit playing around and get to work.

MH: His feet are tied and he's hanging over a bowl of oatmeal and he needs to be rescued or he's going to fall into it.

PC: Miss H, say this to the W.W: Watch out for the lumps.

MH: W.W., the C said... // CM: I heard what the C said...would you just call my mother? // MH: Okay, just hang on

CM: Miss H...are you laughing, Miss H...you think this is funny...?

MH: I'm ...calling your mother

Ann.: Well, can the Maternal Marauder get to the scene before Chickenman gets his lumps? And another thing, who would have thought that our Chickenman would be hung up over a bowl of oatmeal.

Ann.: Well, as you'll certainly recall, the wonderful is hung up over a bowl of oatmeal with lumps in it...

Voice: How very diabolical!

Ann.:...however, all is not lost, not yet...for suddenly a tiny utility telephone comes alive inside Chickenman's beak

CM: What a time for my beak to start ringing...Hello, this is the W.W.

Mom: Benton, is that you? ...Are you sure?

CM: Who else would answer my beak?

Mom: It certainly doesn't sound like you.

CM: That's because I'm hanging from the ceiling, mother.

Mom: Oh, Benton, you're such a little boy.

CM: I'm hanging upside down, mother

Mom: What am I going to do with you?

CM: You're going to get me down, that's what you're going to do.

Mom: I probably shouldn't even help you.

CM: Mother, sometimes I wonder whose side you're on.

Mom: How did you get there? // CM: The Very Diabolical hung me up...

Mom: Now, don't blame it on other people, Benton Harbor.//CM:Mother!
I don't like to hear that kind of thing.

CM: Would you..how.. // Mom: Just get down from there and come home.

CM: I can't get down from here, mother. My feet are tied.

Mom: Well, just hang up your beak and untie them.

CM: Mother...you've never really liked me, have you?

Mom: Now, Benton // CM: I've sensed it for a long time

Mom: Allright, we'll work this out together.

CM: It's the little things that happen all the time.

Mom: What do you have directly to your left? //CM: A window...

CM:...like the time you made me wear my short pants to graduation

Mom: And what do you have to your right? // CM: Another window.

CM:...and the time you wouldn't let me go pick strawberries with the other kids... // Mom: And what is directly below you?

CM: A BOWL OF OATMEAL WITH LUMPS IN IT. Mom: (repeats)

CM: That's another thing Mom: Well, I suppose there's only

You've always known how much I one thing to do...
hated oatmeal with lumps in it. Can you reach your utility belt

CM: Yes, I can...and yet every single morning for breakfast its oatmeal with lumps in it. I mean, really big lumps.

Mom: Open your utility belt, Benton. CM: It's open, its open

Mom: Now find a big spoon. // CM: I have it

Mom: Can you reach the oatmeal? // CM:If you could see the lumps in it

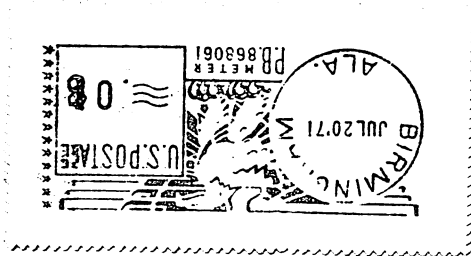
Mom: Lumps are good for you

CM: Mother, isn't there some other way to get out of this?

Mom: Benton...eat that oatmeal.

Ann.: Well, Chickenman continues to hang over a bowl of oatmeal with lumps in it...Boy, what a hang-over. But one thing's for suure, if the Very Diabolical can put him up, the Maternal Marauder can put him down.

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